







GREENSBORO, N. C.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 23, 1898.

C. C. COLE, EDITOR.

J. W. ALBRIGHT, EDITOR.

Corresponding Editors.

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W. H. HIGGINS, South Carolina.

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"TO BE OR NOT TO BE?"

This question is now with our readers.

We simply make the statement, without

any further appeal. With a small in-

crease in our circulation for next year,

we have made arrangements by which our

people in the South can have a Literary

and Family paper at home equal in size,

style of printing and in the contents to

any paper published in the cities of Bos-

ton or New York. The arrangements are

now made; and we are in waiting to see

the result before putting them into execu-

tion. Count up our proposition and see

what we offer. The subscription price of

the TIMES is two dollars. On enlarging,

we shall introduce two new departments,

either of which alone will be worth the

subscription price. This will be four

dollars more, making six dollars. And as

an additional inducement, we propose send-

ing the TIMES free for the balance of

this year to all subscribers sending in their

names immediately and beginning with

the number for the first week in October,

in which will be commenced the thrilling

"ROMANCE OF THE ALLEGHIANIES," by

a Southern author. This we will send to

every subscriber the full value of six dol-

lars and a half, for which amount they

pay two dollars. There is not a particle

of "scheme" or "humbug" in this. We

only propose returning to our readers in

this way the profits resulting from a

large circulation. "To be or not to be?"

Will they have published South, a paper

without a suspicion? If so, try the TIMES

one year.

Greene Monument Association.

The Managers propose opening a

Winter entertainment for our citizens and

for the furtherance of the object of the

Association. They are requested to hold

a meeting Saturday night in the Law

Office of the Messrs. Scott, for the

perfecting of arrangements. A full atten-

dance is earnestly desired. We give a

list of the officers for the present year.

President,

Hon. John M. Morehead.

Vice-President,

Hon. John M. Dick.

Hon. John A. Gilmer.

Hon. John A. Gilmer.

Hon. John A. Gilmer.

Hon. John A. Gilmer.

Hon. John A. Gilmer.

Hon. John A. Gilmer.

Hon. John A. Gilmer.

Hon. John A. Gilmer.

Hon. John A. Gilmer.

## IS IT PRESENT?

As now published, we have abundant testimony from readers in nearly every State of the Union, that the TIMES is fully worth two dollars a year; many pronouncing it cheap at that price. There is it not prudent to invest two dollars for the new volume, in order to so increase the circulation as to justify the publishers in enlarging it to 8 pages, and in giving an extra return to the value of four dollars and fifty cents? It looks so reasonable to us, we are preparing to put our arrangements into execution, believing the proposition will be met by our friends. Our present subscribers could with only a small effort, if a united one, send us the number in less than two weeks. Will they not make the effort with this week's paper, and write us the result?

AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY:—The seventh meeting of the American Pomological Society was commenced in the city of New York on Tuesday 14th. Representatives were present from seventeen States.

We see from a New York paper that Mr. Westbrook, of this place, Mr. Pierce, of Washington, D.C. and a gentleman from Louisiana, were the only southern exhibitors of fruit. Mr. Westbrook gets the first premium. The reporter of the Tribune, in naming the exhibitors, says:

Messrs. Westbrook & Mendenhall, Greensboro, N. C., 77 varieties of apples and 13 varieties of pears. The apples of this collection beat the North, by a great distance, in size and beauty.

In another place, speaking of the display of the different varieties of fruits, the Tribune says:

The display of fruits, most of them brought by members of the Society, now on exhibition at the Mozart Hall, is much superior to any ever before given in this city. Prominent in the exhibition is the most attractive display of apples we have ever seen—77 varieties by Westbrook & Mendenhall of Greensboro, N. C. They are even more appetizing than the splendid collections of pears which occupy nearly two-thirds of the tables.

## Russell's Magazine.

The September number closes the third volume of Russell's Magazine; and we shall henceforth monthly ever published in the United States for a number superior to this. It possesses in an eminent degree every trait of excellence, and we see not a fault. An Alabama exchange gives the following summary up:

The opening article, is a chapter devoted to *Nathaniel Greene*,—condensing much information concerning that distinguished and beloved officer of the Revolution. Of all the heroes of the Revolution, the character of Gen. Greene, resembles more than any other, that of Washington. To what extent this resemblance may have been the result of imitation, is not determined. Greene was ten years the junior of Washington. It is not difficult to imagine, that he "may have made the chief whom he loved and admired" a model for himself through life. "But independently of such influence," remarks the writer, "they were cast by nature in a similar mould. They were alike in calm, deliberate, unmovable courage, moral and physical, in purity of life, in spotless integrity, in reverence for religion, in devotion to friends, in candor and frankness to enemies, in the resolute performance of every duty under every discouragement. They were alike too in manners, grave but not austere, silent, yet affable, listeners, rather than talkers in society, but cheerful and interested in his pleasures."

The writer points out other striking resemblances of character, but we have not space to lay them before our readers, and can only glance at the other articles of it.

Next in order, is "Aunt Agatha's Story," of which brevity is its least merit.

The "Notes on wine and vine culture in France," is an interesting article on wine making, and the culture of the vine. Appended, is a table of the expenses, and profits of this culture. Upon the whole, we think the article would well repay its perusal, by our friends who have engaged in the cultivation of the vine in this section.

"The circle broken" is a didactic poem, founded on one of the strange myths of an ancient Mexico, given in copious extracts comes next under our notice. The subject is a happy one. In point of force, polish and versification it is indicative of no ordinary poetical powers.

The "Introduction of printing into South Carolina," condenses much information, respecting the early history of the Press in that State.

"Feasting the Lions" is a humorous, satirical article, which cannot fail to interest the reader. Had it appeared in any of the Northern Magazines, we might expect to find it copied into half the newspapers of the land.

"Baneroff's History of the United States," is candidly, and easily investigated. The writer assumes that insurmountable with this sort of homage, and "proposes to furnish him in this paper with a new pleasure,—that of being rationally criticised." Though a little paradoxical, the writer is clear, calm, consistent and just.

"An hour among 'Medals and coins,' is time well spent, in learning something of 'Numismatics'—the science of coins and medals.

The chapter on "Burr and Hamilton" is a forcible well written article in which the characters of the two great rivals are held up in striking contrast. While we do not concur in all that the writer says, we are sure that all who take the pains to read it must be interested with this chapter.

But we have already extended this review to too great a length. "Sonnets," "Notes," "Abundance" and the "Editor's table" we must leave to some future occasion.

The question now is, what is the matter with the Telegraph Cable across the ocean? No messages have been received over it for some weeks, and it is supposed that the cable won't work or has parted.

## Leisure Readings;

A few of the best things

WE FIND IN

Books, Reviews, Magazines, and Papers.

## Frugality.

The great philosopher, Dr. Franklin, inspired the mouth-piece of his own eloquence, "Poor Richard," with "many a gem of purest ray serene," ensigned in the homely garb of proverbial truths. On the subject of frugality we cannot do better than take the worthy Mentor for our text, and from it address our remarks. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, "keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not with a great at last. A fat kitchen makes a lean will," and

"Many estates are spent in getting, Since we have lost the forsook spinning and knitting."

And men for punch forsook heaving and splitting."

If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her out-goes are greater than her incomes.

Away then with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families.

"What maintains one vice would bring up two children."

You may think, perhaps, that a little too, or superfluities now and then, did a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter, but remember, "money a little maketh a mickle."

Beware of little expenses—"A small leak will sink a great ship," as Poor Richard says; and again, "Who dainties loves, shall beggars prove;" and moreover, "Fools make feasts and wise men eat them."

Here you are all together to this sale of fineries and nick-nacks. You call them goods; but if you do not take care they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them they must be dear to you.

Remember what poor Richard says, "Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities."

And again, "At a great pennyworth, pause awhile." He means, perhaps, that the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening them in the business, may do three more harm than good; for in another place he says, "Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths."

Again, "It is foolish to buy out money in the purchase of repentance;" and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the almanac.

Many, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry stomach, and half starved their families. "Silks and satins, scarlets and velvets, put out the kitchen fire," as Poor Richard says. These are not the necessities of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them?

By these and other extravagances, the gentle are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who through industry and frugality have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly that, "A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees," as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think "it is day, and will never be night;" that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but "Always taking out of the mud and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom," as Poor Richard says; and then, "When the well is dry, they know the worth of water."

But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice: "If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes borrowing goes a sorrowing," as Poor Richard says; and, indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it in again. Poor Dick further advises:

"Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse; Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse."

And again, "Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy."

When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, "It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it;" and it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

"Vessels large may venture more, But little boats should keep near shore."

It is, however, a folly soon punished; for "Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt; pride breakfasted with plenty dined with infamy."

And, after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy; it hastens misfortune.

## England, Russia and China.

The most circumstantial rumor of the late treaty between China and England came by the way of St. Petersburg. This fact is indicative of the interest and importance of the progress of inter-communication, about which so little is known between Russia and China.—It is no ordinary statement that St. Petersburg is a month nearer Peking than London.

It is a curious fact that Russian couriers travel from Peking to St. Petersburg in about twenty-six days; but the courier post is used exclusively for despatches of the Russian Government and for no other purpose whatever. For several years there has been constant communication between Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, and Peking, which usually takes eight or nine days to effect; and from Ir-

kutsk to Moscow, about four thousand miles, it requires eighteen days. Moscow at present is the easternmost point of telegraphic line. The whole of the immense distance from St. Petersburg can be traversed on good roads with relays of horses at every twenty-four miles.

Until within two years the results of this long intercommunication with China were kept secret; that is, the exclusive policy of the Russian Government, kept the maps and results of the various explorations closely shut up in its archives. Now they may all be readily obtained, and indeed, they are extensively published in Russian periodicals. Thus one of these journals contains a highly interesting and important account, with map, of last year's Russian surveys of the north-western part of the Russo-Chinese frontier region, as far as the great mountain range of Shain-shan, which the Russians now claim as the boundary of their domains in that quarter.—Even upon the rivers and lakes of that region they have steamboats and can by their means at any time penetrate into the neighboring parts of the Chinese Empire. This facility of communication arouses the jealousy of England. It touches a tender point. To nothing is she more sensitive than to the pulsations of trade; and the one single telegram telling the China news has unlocked a volume of speculation.

"We must baste ourselves," says the London Times, "or we westerners shall be shut out of the new game. We have let every nation get ahead of us in this matter. In England we do not do things because they are useful, still less because they are beautiful; but there is nothing on the earth or under the sea that we cannot accomplish if it offers a good dividend on a large capital. There seems to have been a hesitation about the chance of making profits by carrying messages, and meantime every one has outstripped us. The French have covered all North-Africa with their wires; how far Russia has carried hers we do not know. But this China telegram gives us ground to suspect that they are pushed a long way beyond Moscow. The American States talk hourly with each other with these tongues of lightning; yet we, to whom rapid communication is as the branch of our empire, have not yet begun to lay down wires to Calcutta. Amazed and eluded by Brother Jonathan, we have thrown a line across to America; but let any one compare the Atlantic cable, which, so far as it was an impediment to conversation, we have practically abolished, with the Red Sea and the Straits of Babelmandel, and the Arabian Sea and the Bay of Bengal, and the Straits of Malacca and the China Sea. There can be no difficulty in any of these seas. We have Aden and Galle and Singapore and Hong Kong as stations—what is to prevent us from paying out our lines of wire and working our telegraphs? There really is nothing to prevent this, except that the official mind is not yet quite sure that the Atlantic Telegraph is a fact and not a dream, and cannot yet believe that the work is so easy as it has been now proved to be."

Now, it is a fact that four years ago Russia formed the design of a telegraphic communication between St. Petersburg and her North American possessions, and hence to San Francisco. It was to go via Moscow and Irkutsk, and if the above conjecture of the Times be true, Russia has already extended a wire good way beyond Moscow. There can be no doubt that Russia is steadily encroaching on the north of China and rapidly extending its commerce with this singular race.

## Was Gen. Jackson A North Carolinian By Birth?

The question as to where Gen. Jackson was born having been again raised recently, Gen. Saml. H. Walkup, of Union county, says the Charlotte Democrat, has gathered up facts and certificates which we think prove conclusively that Jackson is a native of North Carolina, having been born in Mecklenburg, now a portion of Union county. Gen. Walkup contemplates publishing the certificates as soon as he can arrange them in proper form.—In a letter written to the Democrat on the subject, he says:

"The facts are about these as shown by the papers I have: Old Andrew Jackson (father of Gen. Andrew Jackson, President of the United States.) George McCamie, or McKenney, James Crawford, John Leslie, Samuel Leslie, and James Crow, all married sisters: Betty, Peggy, Jinny, Molly, Sally and Grace, whose maiden names were Hutchinsons, the two first and Saml. Leslie settled about 1765 or '66 in North Carolina; the other three in South Carolina. George McCamie and Samuel Leslie lived within half a mile of each other near Carleton's Pond, N. C. James Crawford and his brother Robert lived about 24 miles from them and in South Carolina, near each other. Old Andrew Jackson settled about ten miles from McCamie's on Twelve Mile Creek in North Carolina, where he died before the birth of his son Andrew. Crow and John Leslie settled about the same distance off in South Carolina.—After the death of Andrew Jackson, Sen'r, his widow left Twelve Mile Creek to live with her friends in Waxhaws, and more particularly with the Crawfords, who were the most wealthy. On her way there, from her residence on Twelve Mile Creek, she stopped at her sister's, Mrs. McCamie, and was taken in labour there and was delivered of Andrew Jackson, Jun'r, afterwards General and President of the United States. As soon as she recovered from her confinement, I proceeded to what is called the Waxhaws Place, about 24 miles from McCamie's, in South Carolina, belonging to Crawford, and there remained with her son until he was taken to Crawford's residence near Waxhaws Creek Bridge, where he remained until about the close of the Revolutionary war."

The evidence to substantiate these facts is the certificates of Benj. Moss, Jr., Esq., and John Carus, of Lancaster Dist., S. C., published in a Charlotte paper of Sept. 1845; and the evidence of James and Thos. Faulkner and John Latham, the second cousins of General Jackson, all of S. C., and grandsons of Mrs. Sarah Leslie, the mother of Mrs. Sarah Latham. These witnesses state that they have often heard Mrs. Sarah Leslie and Mrs. Sarah Latham say that they were present on the night of the birth of Gen. Andrew Jackson, and that he was born at George McCamie's in North Carolina, near Carleton's pond; that they walked there, it being near by, and remembered well of going the near way through the fields; that Mrs. Jackson afterwards went on to Crawford's that old Andrew Jackson had died on

Twelve Mile Creek, N. C., before the birth of his son, and that Mrs. Leslie was his (Gen'l Jackson's) aunt. Then we have the statement of Sam'l McWhorter, proving that his grandfather, Mrs. Elizabeth McWhorter, said often that she was a near neighbor to McCamie's was sent for and was present on the night of Andrew's birth, and that it took place at McCamie's; that George McWhorter, the father of Samuel, often said he was very intimate with Andrew Jackson Jun'r—was on a visit with his mother at McCamie's on the next day after Andrew's birth, and was then 5 years of age. We prove also by other old persons, Hugh McCamie and wife Julia, Thos. Carleton, Sen'r, John Porter and others, where the McCamie place was, and also the neighborhood tradition of Jackson's having been born there. We establish the George McCamie tract, and trace it from the original survey for John McCamie, 1757, and patent in Nov. 1761, to Repentance Townsend, 1761; from Repentance Townsend to Geo. McCamie, 1765; from Geo. McCamie 1762, to Thos. Crawford 1766; and from Thos. Crawford to Jeremiah Cureton, who died in 1847, leaving the land to his son, Wm. J. Cureton, who still owns it.—See your Register Books in Charlotte—Book No. 14, page 202. Book No. 11, page 38, and Book for 9th Sept'r, 1766.—Robert Harris, Register and Clerk, July cert., 1766.

Taking all together I think it amounts to cogent and convincing proof, stronger far than the mere opinions of Gen'l Jackson or anybody else whose opportunities were not half so good for knowing the facts."

## "TOO MUCH BEGGING."

Ah! friend, you judge as harshly. We are not begging. Every family and every young man and lady, ought to read at least one good Newspaper. We are not begging them to pay us two dollars, but our efforts are to build up a good Literary and Family paper at home, with home feelings and an eye over home interests; and having made arrangements by which we can furnish such a paper, equal to any paper they may obtain in the Northern cities, with the additional offer of twice the value of the subscription price in new features not published in these papers, we candidly ask, if the ink rest is not on the side of the subscriber?

TEN THOUSAND WOMEN FLOUNDERING IN THE MUD AND WATER.—An awful time they had at the Fair Grounds in St. Louis, the 9th inst. There could not have been less than twenty five thousand people within the inclosure. The morning was propitious, but in the evening a thunder storm emptied its wrathful floods upon the ground till the water was two or three inches deep. It cleared up, but soon darkening clouds again obscured the sun. The Democrat pictures the scene:

"It was evident that a long, steady rain was about to set in. The crowd took alarm, and at about 3 o'clock the rush for umbrellas and other vehicles began. The mud was excessive. The water stood in puddles and ponds all over the grounds and along the path-ways. The most decided movements were first noticed at the steps leading down from the promenade of the amphitheatre, which was all muddy and slippery. The descent had to be made, and there was no other way for the ladies but to elevate such of their drapery as they desired to preserve from pollution, and make the rush. Down they came singly and in troops. Hundreds of men and shameless boys and men stationed themselves at the foot of the steps to increase the perplexities and mortification of the ladies."

The rain came steadily on. The crowds in the amphitheatre rapidly dispersing, rushed headlong to the entrances of the grounds, and soon the umbrellas in waiting were besieged by thousands of men, women and children, who were frantic in their efforts to gain seats. Couples and squads ran through the mud up the road to anticipate seats in the returning vehicles. Confusion was at its height when the rain came. Then ensued such a scene as we hope never to witness again. There were not umbrellas nor wagons for half of the people. The mud was ankle deep, and the rain making it deeper every minute. Women and children were caught up by frantic husbands and fathers and pitched into the doors and windows of the carriages.

The horses crowded upon one another—the men cursed and raved—screams of terror from the women on all sides—some fell sprawling under foot—dresses and bonnets were torn and scattered around—many who were afraid to mingle with the crowd stood upon its verge without shelter of any kind—their hair beating wildly down their foreheads and necks, washing away their eyes and cheeks and dark eyebrows—well, we are not equal to the description. It was a terrible sight. It was a terrible suffering and mortification to thousands who were caught in the dilemma.

At last night there were hundreds of people remaining on the ground. The omnibus horses were all worked down, and drivers opposed to returning, so that many were compelled either to remain on the ground or walk to the city.

On Wednesday night we learn, there were at least two hundred who were thus left. Last night, there must have been a thousand. Happy those, yesterday, who had carriages of their own—happy those who left the ground early—happy those who wore cheap bonnets, or cheap dresses, or no bonnets, moderate hats—happy, happy, happy, she with a pretty ankle and dark stockings—miserable, very miserable, all, and every one else.

Mr. PENNINGTON, editor of the Daily Progress, Newbern, N. C., gave us a call the present week. We are glad to learn that the Progress is progressing rapidly in patronage, as we knew from our own observations, it were in public favor. It is one of the nearest printed, and best edited of the daily papers that visit our office. The citizens of Newbern and of the State, show their good appreciative taste by giving patronage to the Progress.

## THE WATCH-BUSINESS.

The establishment of a complete manufactory for the production of American watches of uniform and unflinching excellence as time-keepers, marks an era in our mechanical progress which promises to revolutionize the watch trade of the world.

After years of continued and costly experiment, a complete and comprehensive watch factory has been made permanent at Waltham, Mass., where patent levers, adjusted chronometer balances, and one-quarter timing pieces and movements, are produced by the aid of machinery and intelligent skill that will in all respects compare with the finest work of the most famous artisans of Europe. The highest perfection of form with the complete simplicity of parts, have been adopted, so that durability and reliability are the uniform and necessary characteristics of the Waltham watches.

Hitherto England and Switzerland have been the watchmakers of the world; but now it seems that Waltham, Mass., has surpassed these old world competitors, and with machinery, system, and intelligent skill, unaided by protection of any kind, already produces the most thoroughly exact timekeepers, at about half the cost of the best foreign watches.

All imported watches are made by hand, the movements and parts of movements by different persons; and at different times and places; and each watch is finally finished with special reference to itself—every part being made to suit one place, and the whole movement fitted to a case which will suit no other movement—no two watches being in all respects approximately alike.

A large majority of these foreign watches are worthless, as time-keepers, and a constant bill of expense to their owners, over \$5,000,000 being annually thrown away in vain attempts to improve them.

The American watches are constructed upon the most scientific and approved principles, designed to secure uniformity, simplicity, durability, cheapness and unvarying perfection of movement, and are sold with a certificate of warranty in all cases, for ten years, signed by the manufacturers.

The specific advantages of the Waltham watches to dealers and wearers, as compared with imported watches, will be most readily apprehended by the following enumerations, to wit: Each watch and each part of every watch, of a given style, is the unvarying counterpart of every other watch of the same style, so that any single part is exactly fitted, and may be transposed indiscriminately to make up any one of any number of watches. The movements are made to fit any one of any number of cases, thus enabling the dealer to keep a large and varied stock of movements with a limited number of cases, to suit the demands of trade.

The watches have fewer parts, are more substantially made than any others, are easily kept clean, and the chances for failure by breakage are diminished four fifths as compared with the English watch, which has upwards of eight hundred separate parts, while the American watch has but one hundred and twenty-five parts, and most of these are so substantial, and all so perfect, that it would be very difficult to break them.

UTILITY OF SINGING.—It is asserted and we believe with some truth, that singing is a corrective of the too common tendency to puerile complaints. Dr. Rush, an eminent physician, observes on this subject:—"The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption; and this, I believe, is partly occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them in vocal music, for this constitutes an essential branch of their education. The music master of an academy may furnish me with a remark still more in favor of this opinion. He informed me that he had known several instances of persons who were severely disposed to consumption, who were restored to health by the exercise of their lungs in singing."

We are indebted to the obliging Editor of the Salisbury Banner for the following favorable notice:

"The new prospectus of the Greensboro Times, a most excellent family and literary paper, now in type, will appear next week."

We bespeak for the Times an encouraging patronage. We cannot too strongly reprove the habit of many of our Southern people, who, while they are loud in their professions of devotion to the South and scorn of the North, continue to patronize the trash of the latter to the great injustice of such excellent literary papers as the Times, published in their very midst. We call upon all, therefore, to cut off this stream of aid to northern abolitionists, and exhort them to appropriate it to the support of the Greensboro Times.



BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

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W. C. PORTER.



